JOB WORK

dered to continue the march, and without food. Balesar did, provious to starting, distribute some My eighty seven half-starved men; and the manner of this distribution abov-ed the brutal nature of the wretch. Calling the prisoners around bim, each with the hope that he was to receive something to allay the sharp cravings of hunger, he would toes one of these cakes high in the air, and then, with a glee absolutely de-monincal, watch the scramble that ensued as it fell among the suffering throng. It was a game of the strong against the weak, this straggle for the few mouthfulls of food which Salezar threw among them. The better attributes of our nature, the kind sympathies and generous forbearance which lift man above the brutes, were for a time overwhelmed, in a majority for a time overwhelmed, in a majority of the prisoners, by long starvation and great bodily suffering; and now, as the savage who had charge of them tossed the miseable pittance in the air, it was a study to watch their eager faces as it descended, to see with what wolf-like ferenity they would rush to secure the price, and the terrible struggle which was save to ensue ere some one stronger than his fellows could secure it. Salesar was accompanied by our old acquaintance, Don Jesus, in this distribut and the satisfaction with which watched the fierce conflicts make new leaf in the dreadful courts human depravity.

COUNTING THE PRINCE

We were driven, one by on cow-pen or yard, and there ed for the night; finlants

ted his stride till of the whole party of p of the whole party of prisoners; a position be partimeterably heat they the remainder of the day, and in fact during the march. In the morning he could not walk a mile; he afterwards did walk comothing file eightoon hundred, and without flag-

THE UNLUCKY LIEGUIST. As we were about starting, a little incident occurred in which were strangely mixed the painful and the ndierous. For some trifling cause, Salonar drow his sword, and with the flat of it atrack one of the prisoners a violent blow across the aboulders. The poor fellow had only learned one Spanish expression, markes pratice—the common phrase employed in New Mexico to thank a person for any favor received. Thinking he must say remething, and not incontinuous thing also to say the unfavore the unifavore the unifavore than must say remething, and not know-ing any thing clos to say, the unfer-tunate Texan classiated, "Musical gracias. Sever!" Another serrible whack from the sword of Raleuse was followed by a shrug of the shouldard and another "Many thanks, fir."— The unplain was a self-like inferior

thuse of the crowd who feel resignate for a time on the dust there as close as possible to each other, while certain men, apparently of the household of the Sheikh, set to work arranging them, pulling some by the legs, and others by the shoulders, in order to keep the heads of these prostrate volunteers as much in the same antered before the composition are assailed. ine as possible. These pocessary preparations were scarcely completpreparations were scarcely complet-ed, when a greaning at the northern extremity of the line announced the arrival of the Sheikh, who in a few minutes made his appearance, on that part of the payenant hear to which I stood, preceded by a man bearing a fing. The Sheikh was neated on a well black horse, that was hurried ever the backs of the unfortunate men is a quick walk by two grooms, who held the horse's head. My view of the fibeith was so momentary that I did not see his face, which must have been considerably covered by a large green shawl be were over his turban and about his nock. No soongot up, phile others were to their friends in the cro

that were rotten in the markets.— Their implements consisted of a three-legged stool, a backet containing a blant knife, called a spad, a painter's brush, and as old wig. A gentleman usually went out in the merning with dirty boots or shoos, aure to find a shoe-black sitting on his stool at the shoe-black sitting on his steel at the corner of the street. He laid his fort on his lap without ceremany, where the artist scraped it with his apad, wiped it with his wig, and then laid on his compacition as thick as black paint with his painter's break. The stuff dried with a rich polish, tridity, and which filled any house which was entered before the composition was quite dry, and constitute even tainted the air of fashionable drawing-rooms. Pollshing shoes, we should mention, was at this time a refinement almost confined to cities, people in the country being generally astiafied with greace. This custom still lingered twenty years ago in Paris.

In 1610, during the trial of the patriotic Baraveldt and the admira patriotic Barnveldt and the admira-ble Grotius, at the prosecution of Maurice of Massau, as Arminians or Remonstrants, (for such, even among Protestants, was the mutual and our-guinary intelerance of the period, and while these productions visible

"Who wants to bear a story?" sold a hind friend who was present. "I, sir," "and I," said the children, as they gathered around him. Then he told them a parable. Our Sevieur, when he was on earth, often taught the people by parables. The parable told the little heys, was of hind man who had some very

was of hind man who had some very rich apples hanging upon a tree. A poor man was passing by the house of the owner, and he stopped to ad-mire this beautiful apple tree. He counted these ripe golden pippins— there were just seven of them. The rich owner could afford to give them away; and it gave him so much plea-sure to make this poor man happy that he called him and said, "My friend I will size you a part of my friend, I will give you a part of my

friend, I will give you a part of my fruit." He he held out his hand and received six of the apples. The owner had hopt only one fee himself.

Do you think the poor man was grateful fee his kindness? No, indeed. He wanted the seven pippins all for himself. And at last he made up his mind that he would watch his opportunity, and go back and steal the other apple.

"Did he do that?" said Willie, very indignant, "He ought to have been ashumed of himself. And I hope he got well punished for stealing that apple."

hope he got well punished for stealing that apple."

"How many days are there in a week, Williel" said his friend.

"Errap," said Willie, blushing depty; for now he began to undergoned the parable, and he folt an uncasy semantics at his heart—conscience home a whiteger to him, "And enght not a loy to be anamed of himself who is unwilling on the several day to by anish his unweaponents?

Deals he not to be pushhed if he will not remember the Bullets day

"Do you think I shoul have jo no test" said a unipole to his o La showed Kantonky havye